

forget me nots // flowers from 1970 au

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forget me nots // flowers from 1970 au

by [astronomika](#)

Summary

George Davidson awakes memory-less in July 1970. After being constantly plagued by memories of a time he doesn't remember living in, he enlists a boy to help him with his odd circumstances.

Notes

WARNING:

please do read my first book, flowers from 1970. it is essential to understand the plot of this book.

additionally, i'd like to thank alexa (@wingedhera on twitter) for tweeting me this idea and giving me permission to write it. i've been stuck on how to give flowers from 1970 an alternative ending until they gave me some ideas. this is again, an alternative result of the original book, so the original still (unfortunately) ends in tragedy. this book is an escape from the angst and sadness of the original.

of course i'm implementing my own ideas and concepts into this, but again the general plot was created by alexa.

if you haven't read flowers from 1970, [please click here to redirect to it](#)

this story HIGHLY connects to that one, and it will include references and familiar plot points, so not reading it = no clue what's going on.

thank you for sticking around.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

dial tone

"Forget-me-nots represent true love and giving someone this flower means you truly love and respect this person. It is a testament to your relationships and promises the other person that you will never forget them in your thoughts."

Cold. It was cold and a clock was ticking madly from somewhere in the room. If he even was in a room. It sure didn't feel like one, that's for sure.

No, he was definitely outside.

George Davidson opened his eyes slowly and repeatedly, like small boxes of black constantly pushing against his eyeballs. He was met with a shock of a bright light, cutting against his corneas as he attempted to use his arm to block the sudden flash of luminosity from the sun.

He put his palms against the pavement, trying to push himself up. He had no idea where he was or whatever happened the night before. All he knew was that his eyes had burnt from something that wasn't the sun. He rubbed at his eyelids, which were rough and slightly peeling. Most likely scarred from continuously wiping tears. What he was possibly crying for? He had no idea.

Groaning, he walked over to the nearest sound, which was the the hustle and bustle of multiple people. A crowd was gathered around the front window of a television store. The boxed sets were old and clunky, clearly older technology. George politely pushed his way to the front, trying to peek a view of what this bunch of people was so interested in.

The television showed blurry footage of what seemed like a candlelight vigil in front of a government monument. A woman suddenly popped up on screen, standing at a lectern talking to a crowd of hundreds of people gathered in front of her. The woman was crying, holding a tissue against her eye as she moved closer to the mic in front of her.

"He had been in his troubles for a while now, but as far as we knew it never affected his health. Despite the various rumors, my husband's life *was* taken by problems due to his heart." The woman's voice boomed on the microphone at the crying crowd that took in every word she was saying.

George furrowed his brow, someone important to government clearly had lost his life but he turned to someone next to him for more information anyway, "Who is she speaking of?" He asked whoever would answer.

A young woman moved closer to answer him, "Governor Schlatt. Haven't you heard? He died of a heart attack just earlier today." She seemed almost offended at him not being in the loop of events.

George didn't respond, instead he absentmindedly stared at the television again, which now showed a young boy, apparently Schlatt's assistant, giving a speech while trying to choke back tears.

The news was starting to get repetitive, which didn't help his confused thoughts on where he was and what he was supposed to be doing, so he walked away. He didn't know the direction in which he planned on heading, but he kept going anyway.

He was in a neighborhood now, mindlessly walking past the children in the front yards shooting

water guns and play-fighting.

He closed his eyes, racking his brains for at least one memory of anything before that day, but it wasn't working. He somehow knew he never drank, so it wasn't anything due to alcohol. He kept his eyes closed, hoping for a thought to swim into his brain. This street was familiar, it was somewhere he's definitely been bef-

"Watch out!"

George opened his eyes quickly and made to duck or move or whatever his reflexes would have chosen to do when hearing that warning, but it was too late.

A young man on his bike headed towards him, crashing into his already fragile body. The two men were on the ground, both rubbing at the areas that had been pained by the sudden impact. The man's bike was upside down on the sidewalk, one of its wheels still spinning mockingly.

George got up quicker, rubbing at his jeans, "I am so sorry." He apologized, holding out a hand to help the young man up, "I wasn't paying attention."

He took George's hand, got up, and made to get his bike the right way up again. "No, it's my fault. I shouldn't have been going that fast, and I easily could have turned another way." He reassured.

He glanced at George, spotting a patch of blood that had started growing on his arm. George didn't even notice he was bleeding until he followed the man's eyes to his elbow.

The man suddenly looked more sorry than he was before, "Oh my, I- Do you need a band-aid? That should get cleaned up, it looks pretty bad."

George's head was too filled with constant pecking for answers, so he didn't really notice himself nodding at the offer.

"Alright," The young man put his hands on the handlebar of his bike, walking it across the sidewalk with George following. He turned around to face George, "I live right around there. I have first aid."

It wasn't until George truly took a look at his face that he felt another sense of familiarity. "Do I know you?" He blindly asked, not really remembering wanting to ask.

The man stopped and turned once again toward him and studied George's face. He opened his mouth a bit as if he was about to answer, but closed it again. "Not that I know. Maybe we went to school together?"

George shook his head, about to talk when suddenly he was redirected to walking toward a house. The tall, blonde man parked his bike on the front porch before playing with his keys until he found the right one to open the door. It took a couple jabs before the door could open. George chuckled, he somehow remembered going through that problem before.

He was led inside as the blond boy blindly threw his keys on a key holder next to the door. "I'm sorry again. That looks like it hurts." He apologized once more, staring at the bloody mess George was trying to suppress with the sleeve of his shirt.

George shook his head, "It was my fault as much as yours." He reassured.

"As far as I know, you weren't the one riding a bike full speed toward a person," the boy half joked, "I'm Clay, by the way. If you want to sue me or anything, there's my name."

A grin formed on George's face, "I'll be sure to let my lawyer know, then."

Clay laughed, "That was supposed to be the part where you introduce yourself too, not where you threaten to snitch me out to your lawyer." He made his way to the bathroom and opened medicine cabinets until he found a plastic case of band-aids and gauze.

"I think I'm George Davidson." George found himself answering.

Clay was halfway through pouring liquid onto a cotton ball before facing George again, "You *think*?"

"Call me crazy or very, very direct but," George sighed, "I don't really remember what happened before today."

Cotton ball in hand, Clay chuckled, "You must have had one hell of a night, then."

"No, I don't drink or party. I don't even have friends." George sputtered. He didn't know he was friendless until he said it out loud. It kind of just came out of his mouth blankly.

Clay raised his eyebrows, "Oh, well," he gestured for George to show him his elbow so he could clean the blood off, "I'm sure things will come to you at some point."

George winced slightly at the sudden touch to his elbow, but put on a brave face before turning toward Clay again, "Like Governor Schlatt."

Clay was unrolling a gauze bandage, "Hm? What about Schlatt? He put some crazy new rules on the city again? I really hate that bugger."

George waited a moment, "He's dead."

The unrolling of the bandage ceased for a moment as Clay met his eyes, "What?"

"Today," George was talking faster than usual, "a heart attack, I think."

Clay continued working with the bandages, and George held his arm out like a patient would, letting Clay wrap the bandage around his (sort of better) elbow. "To be as you say, 'very, very direct', Clay said with air quotes, "I'm not really that sad about it." He shrugged.

"Why not? Everyone else in the city seems to be." George questioned.

Clay put all the first aid stuff back in the plastic box and into the medicine cabinet, "They're pretty much brainwashed." He input, "And that Tubbo. That's his little assistant he got to do all his work for him. He was probably going to end up screwing the poor kid over in the end."

"That's quite the opinion."

"It's quite a fact." Clay responded confidently. "Me and my friend Sapn- Nick both don't like him. Oh, speaking of that, I wonder if he's heard the news. I should call him and find out." He reminded, more to himself than to George.

George nodded, "I can head back home now. Although I don't really know where home is."

Clay looked at him skeptically, "You don't even remember where you *live*?"

Now that that had been said that out loud, George realized it was quite a humiliating situation to be in. "N-no." He scratched the back of his head awkwardly, the bandages on his elbow moving

slightly.

Clay had waited a few seconds before once again looking at the poor, injured boy he had slammed his bike into. "Well, maybe your memory will jog back later or tomorrow. You can stay at mine for a bit until then, I have an extra room."

George's eyes widened before he moved his hands, "Oh, I've surely overstayed my welcome."

"Nonsense." Clay scoffed, "Plus, I owe you for the bike incident."

"You re-paid me with this." George gestured at the bandages on his elbows, but Clay shook his head.

"I also feel bad that you're in such a weird state," Clay explained, "if I blacked out with no memory, I'd want someone to do it for me."

"What if they're a murderer?" George input.

"Are *you* one?" Clay asked, half jokingly.

"No, of course not!" George defended himself, but Clay seemed persistent on pushing the subject.

"You said it yourself. You don't remember anything. You could be one, get your memory back, and decide to get me back for hitting you with my bike." Clay joked, laughing at the face George had made.

George had confidently decided to joke as well, "I might now, if you keep saying I will."

Clay seemed surprised at the sudden counter to his joke, "Alright you win, but only because I plan on staying alive."

They were silent for a moment, not really knowing why such a thing had sparked a conversation.

Clay spoke up again, "Do you need a shirt?" He gestured at George's sleeve, stained with a little blood.

"I'm going to end up owing you too much."

Clay rolled his eyes, "Here we go again with the politeness. I planned on donating some of my clothes anyway, it's nothing."

George agreed, and let Clay lend him an old 1968 World Series baseball shirt, which fit a little big on him.

George took a look around the bedroom. It had flowery wallpaper and felt so warm and welcome in a way. The window had white curtains that were open slightly, and he was somehow drawn to it. While Clay was looking for spare blankets in his closet, George walked mindlessly to the window.

Suddenly, there was a pounding behind his eyebrow. His head was filled with a painful montage of clips from his life. If they were even real.

"Do you see that?" The man on the other side of the phone asked, before audibly capping his pen again.

George ran his hands over the wall, which spelled "Hi"

"Y-yes." George was hyperventilating and clutching his chest. This surely was not possible.

"Who are you?"

"Who are you?"

They both asked at the same time, but the man answered first, "My name's-"

"George? George!"

He was being shaken by Clay. He had been on the floor, his hands on his temples trying to suppress the pain that came with the sudden thoughts in his head. He hadn't realized he had fallen from the force of the headache.

"Are you okay?" Clay asked, clearly concerned. He had dropped the blanket he had been holding and helped George up. "What was that?"

George didn't want to worry Clay any longer, as the man had been kind enough to let him stay at his home, "A migraine. I get really severe ones." He lied.

"No kidding." Clay let out a breath, "Are you alright, though?"

"Yes." George assured him, "I am."

"Good." Clay spotted a telephone over on a desk, "Oh, I have to call Nick to ask him if he knows Schlatt died."

He ran over and dialed a number.

It felt like a long time, all the silent waiting for an answer from the other end.

Clay clutched the phone for a while, until he gave up, "Hm." He said, "No answer. He must be busy."

"It's a bummer when someone doesn't answer the phone." George joked honestly.

"Tell me about it." Clay agreed, and they both shared a laugh.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George was a man who appreciated generosity, but would feel awful having too much of it. He didn't understand why Clay was kind enough to allow him to stay in his home, even though his situation was confusing and sort of stupid. Had he been in Clay's position, he would have apologized for crashing into him with his bike, maybe pay him a couple dollars, and gone on with his day. He never would let a stranger stay in his home owing to such a small mistake.

So, as he sat on the bed of the guest room newly woken up, he could only think of a few things.

One being that his prayer to have at least some of his memory come back had not come true, and two, he was scared to have breakfast in Clay's home as he felt it was overstaying his welcome.

His eyes ran across the flowery wallpaper on the wall, and once again he was filled with a feeling he could not explain. A feeling of familiarity.

The two men had not talked the night before. The only thing he could remember saying was to have a nice night and thanking Clay for his generosity. It just proved that this was just a kind gesture, and that they would probably not become friends anytime soon.

He walked out to the living room, where Clay was playing a Beatles cassette out loud while he made pancakes. George tried to sneak past him, but Clay had caught him and turned to face him. "So," he began as he turned back to the pan, flipping a pancake, "remember where you live yet?"

"Y-yes?" George lied with a stutter, and Clay chuckled.

"So you obviously don't. Alright." He put the spatula down on the counter with a smile, "Do you at least remember anything else?"

George thought for a moment, then shook his head, "Nothing."

Clay hummed, and George looked at him for a while before seeing a cloud of smoke form behind him. His eyes widened as he pointed behind Clay, who turned around and groaned.

"It always does this," Clay complained as he started messing with knobs on the stove, "I don't know how to fix it."

The smoke continued to spread around the small kitchen, causing Clay to cough repeatedly.

George ran over to the stove quickly, "Let me." He offered, and he turned one of the knobs while forcing it down with a push. The smoke stopped immediately, "It always does that. It's annoying." George said as he waved away the remaining smoke.

Clay raised an eyebrow skeptically, "What?"

George looked at him, "What?"

Clay grabbed his spatula again to continue the pancakes, "You said 'it always does that.'"

George furrowed his eyebrows in confusion. He did not even remember saying it, "Er- Well, it's what you said." He tried to explain, "I was just repeating it."

"Hm." Clay put two pancakes on a plate but was still somewhat suspicious, "Here. Eat. It might help."

George took the plate from him wearily, once again feeling bad for all Clay's given him. "Thank you." He said as he sat down on the table to eat.

Clay had turned off the stove and the stove light and began to walk up to his room. George watched him, "You're not going to eat?"

Clay went one step backward on the stairs and faced George, "No." He answered, "I don't eat breakfast."

George admired Clay's effort to make him food even though he never ate himself. He continued to watch Clay trudge up the stairs to his room, and when his figure and shadow disappeared from view, he turned back to his food and continued eating.

Clay never came back downstairs for a while, so George figured he had been busy with something. He washed his plate and fork himself before stepping outside on the front yard for a breath of fresh air. He spotted a small mini house on the lawn, with "Patches" written on a small wooden sign in front of it.

George figured Clay might have a dog, so he let curiosity take over him walked closer to it.

The house had been halfway painted lime green. The paint job had seemingly been unfinished for a while, and the house itself was empty. George didn't remember seeing a dog anywhere in the house yet, so he wondered where it could have been. As he sat there, crouching next to the small house, Clay walked outside and spotted him.

"What are you up to there?" Clay had yelled from the front door.

George turned around, "You have a dog?" He asked, gesturing at the half lime green doghouse next to him.

Clay did a small jog toward him, "No." He answered, as he patted the unpainted part of house, "I have a cat."

"Oh," George got up, "I haven't seen it yet."

Clay took a deep breath and took a look around the neighborhood, "My friend Nick sometimes takes care of her, she's at his place right now." He explained, "Oh, here, I have a photo of her."

He dug into his jeans pocket for his wallet, and after flipping around the various flaps, he pulled out a polaroid photo.

He handed it to George, who took it and looked closely.

It was a photo of Clay clutching the small cat in his bedroom. He had a big grin on his face, and it was obviously candid taken by another person. George got only a few seconds to glance at it before his head started aching once more.

George was in a room, but it had no walls or floor. He seemed to be floating in the middle of darkness, with only a phone and a metal container physically in sight.

"Oh." A distorted voice murmured, "Well there's one more thing in there. Taped to the inside of the capsule. You can look at it but I'll have to hang up."

"Why?" George asked, scrambling to the desk to grab the capsule.

"Bye, George. Have a good night." The voice bid and before George could ask for an explanation once again, their connection cut.

George put down the phone with a sigh and checked the inside of the capsule container. Inside was a piece of paper. A polaroid.

Before he could catch a glance at what the photo was, he was back in reality. There was a flash of light, then a blur similar to when your eyes would stare at the sun for too long and you'd have to blink away the after-effects. He had almost dropped the photo, but Clay caught it mid-air.

"What was that?" Clay asked worriedly, "Headache again?"

George had gotten his clear sight back, and he blinked rapidly once more. "Y-yeah I guess."

Clay looked concerned, "I have a theory." He began, "I think you've gotten into an accident of some sort and gotten injured. Explains the memory loss, and these headaches could be repercussions."

George figured Clay could be right, and that maybe he should go see a doctor. He didn't know how to do so without having any paperwork or even a proof of his identity. He was still wearing his jeans, but he did not have his wallet on him, which contained important information.

He dug into his pocket hopefully, each one housing nothing. He felt his final pocket, which was his left front one, and felt a piece of paper. Clay watched him as he pulled it out.

It was a baseball card, and George looked disappointed that it wasn't anything important or helpful to his memories return to him. Clay excitedly and impulsively took the card from him. It was a 1969 card, and he almost squealed, "I have this one too!" He laughed, "I think I lost it, though."

He returned the card to George, who studied it. "If you sold this, it'd be worth a fortune these days." He suggested.

Clay's eyebrows rose up his forehead, "A fortune?" He looked confused, "It's only a year old, you'd get hardly anything from it."

The wind blew a hard gust toward them, and the card shook slightly in George hands. He stared at it for a bit longer, it was in good condition and seemingly new, but something about it felt off and aged. He really should go to the doctor.

It was silent for a while before Clay let his body relax, "You reminded me," he broke the lack of conversation, and George tried his best to look at him, "I should finish painting Patches' house tomorrow. I've put it off for too long."

George nodded, and Clay walked slowly back to his house, still off put at George's odd behavior.

When Clay was out of sight, George stood in the middle of the lawn, slightly shivering from the rare cold of the summer day. The baseball card in his feeble, shaking hand sent his head pounding, and he couldn't explain why. It felt like all his memories were trapped behind a door and were knocking at it, begging to be let back in. He wanted so badly to open that door, but he was still unsure where the key was.

welcome back! i miss dream and george's relationship in flowers from 1970 so bad.

twitter: astr0nomika

instagram: astronomik4

alexa's twitter: wingedhera

let me know what parallels and references you catch!

one hell of a headache

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"So let me get this straight," Nick pointed a finger at his friend, shaking it in his face, "you're letting a stranger with no memory stay in your *house*?"

They had been in Nick's living room, drinking lemonade that Nick's mom had made him the day before when she had visited. The air cooling system had been blasting, leaving Clay with a bit of a chill, especially since his drink was cold as well.

He scratched the back of his head awkwardly, "Now I know it sounds weird-"

"Clay what if he kills you?" Nick half-joked loudly, scolding his friend for giving hospitality to someone he didn't know. Clay was avoiding his eyes, playing with the sleeve of his jacket.

Patches flinched at Nick when he raised his voice, and Nick pouted, "Jeepers, man." Nick said in a defeated voice as he watched the cat walk away to the corner of the room, "She was just getting used to me too."

Clay finally left his sleeve alone and glanced at Patches, "She knows you're yelling at me so she's trying to protect me." He told his friend matter-of-factly.

Nick rolled his eyes and leaned back in his chair, "You're so-"

"-full of myself, I know." Clay finished for him, taking a sip of his lemonade and sighing. "Do you think you can keep Patches for one more day, Sap?"

Patches looked at the two of them, almost aware her name had been said. Nick met her eyes adoringly, "Of course I can take care of Patches while you tend to your new best friend." Nick teased, urging Patches to come closer to him, but her trust in him had already depleted.

Clay scoffed, "I'd hardly call us friends." He cleared up, "I just get this weird feeling that I know him."

Nick stirred his lemonade with the little toothpick umbrella, pushing the ice cubes around so they clinked against the glass, "What? Were you guys like, dating in your past life?" He joked, loudly sipping his drink and watching his friend get riled up.

"You're so annoying." Clay threw a pillow at him, almost knocking the drink out of his hands. Nick countered the attack by shooting a tissue spitball at him with a straw. Patches stood and stared at them from her corner of the room, before meowing and walking away.

George was sitting on the couch, once again feeling bad for having stayed in Clay's house for so long. He wished he could just remember where he's from so he could be spared the embarrassment of turning a stranger's house into a free hotel.

He'd been provided breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Clay said he didn't mind because it had been a while since he had cooked anything for anyone. His family lived farther north and had ceased visiting him. Still, George didn't know how he could possibly repay the man.

Clay came down the stairs, throwing a baseball in the air and catching it repeatedly. He saw George jump the last step and looked at George, "Why that face?"

George jumped a bit, unaware Clay had come near him, "Just thinking." He responded in a quiet voice.

"Hm," Clay started playing with the ball again, "don't fret, you'll remember things eventually."

Clay sat down on the other couch facing him, laying down and continuing his throwing of the ball.

George noticed the various pen marks on the ball, "Is your ball signed?"

Clay chuckled, eyeing the ball, "Technically." He squinted at the small names etched into it with permanent marker, "Not by anyone famous, though. Just by some kids."

"The ones you coach?"

"Yeah I-" Clay began but he suddenly sat up, "I told you that?"

George looked confused as well, not remembering where he had gained such information, "Well you must have, if I know."

"That's interesting," Clay lie down again on the couch, "I don't remember that topic ever coming up. Especially since we don't talk much."

George leaned back and tried to change the subject, "You really don't mind me having stayed here for long already?" He impulsively asked, and Clay turned to him and met his eye.

Clay shook his head, "No." He answered, and it felt genuine. "Remember when you asked if I knew you? That day I hit you with the bike?"

George nodded, "Yeah, why?"

"I feel like we've met." Clay admitted, sitting up again and facing George. They met eyes for a split second before Clay looked down, "Maybe that's just some psychological feeling that I got because you brought it up, but I genuinely feel like I know you."

After Clay said that, George didn't really know how to feel. The constant waves of familiarity had now been confirmed to be bothering them both. George opened his mouth to talk but closed it again, at a loss for words.

"You don't have to respond to that," Clay assured him quickly, "maybe I'm wrong."

"No, no." George closed his eyes with a sigh, "If I could just remember things, it would help, but I can't"

"Don't beat yourself up about your memory too much," Clay comforted, "it might make it worse."

Clay threw the baseball at him as a gesture of playfulness and an attempt to calm the tension. George caught it with a surprisingly fast reflex.

Suddenly, he was back in the dark, black room. There was nothing in sight, just pure emptiness.

"George." A scratchy, blank voice said, "Sorry I couldn't call yesterday, the kids I coach were having a game and it was quite busy."

George found himself talking, but he wasn't in control of his voice, "How was that? Did you win?" His voice forced himself to ask.

The distorted voice gave a hearty laugh, "In all honesty it was a really bad loss." It admitted, "They're quite young and didn't take it well. One of them threw soda at a player from the other team and it caused some trouble between me and the parents."

"How did that go?"

There was a loud groan, "They threatened to get me fired. Accused me of being the one to tell the kid to throw the soda. I was getting riled up when one of the players came up to me and told me that the kid was provoked to throw the soda because the rival team called him duck-footed and threw peanuts at him."

There was constant laughing from both George and the voice. George tried to stop himself, but he did not seem to be in charge of what he was saying or doing. He pinched the area between his eyebrows hard.

"George." The voice was back.

"George, George, Ge-"

"-orge?" Clay's hand was waving in front of his face. "You were supposed to throw the ball back to me." He laughed, and George did so.

"I'm sorry." George looked defeated and confused, "May I get a glass of water?"

Clay gave a concerned face once again, "In the fridge. There's a pitcher of it."

"Thank you." George thanked as he got up from the couch with a groan.

George started walking away, and when he was halfway to the kitchen, "I felt that too." He heard Clay say from the living room, putting the baseball on the table, "One hell of a headache."

Chapter End Notes

twitter: astr0nomika

alexa's twt: wingedhera

a bit of a short chapter, but it's kind of something to set the next part of the plot up.
have a nice day everyone :)

pow-chew

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George made his way to get a drink of water. The limbs in his body felt shaky and plastic.

"I felt that too," a warm, familiar voice spoke from across the room, "one hell of a headache."

He wanted to inch closer to the voice, welcome it home, but he was not in control of his movements. Instead his arms reached for the water pitcher and poured himself a glass.

It was Dream's voice, and he would do anything to be near it again, one last time. His head turned, almost as if being controlled by a ventriloquist toward the voice.

Where there should have presumably been Dream's face, was a black blur. He had not seen enough of Dream's face to have a strong enough reference for his imagination.

George didn't feel like himself. Whoever's body he was in was his, but not his.

"George."

The voice sounded distorted now, like a radio tuned halfway between static and a station.

"George. We're here."

Where was "here?" Who was talkin-

"George." The voice had become normal. His eyes opened and he was in a car, sandwiched between Dave and Tommy in the backseat.

It was Wilbur that had said his name, and the car was parked at a gas station. "Sorry for waking you, but this is the first stop we're making for another 100 or so miles. Figured you might need a bathroom break or snacks.."

Tommy was playing Minecraft on his Ipad, rushing out of the car as he really needed to use the bathroom.

George was on a road trip with Wilbur's family to Orlando, as Darryl (or Mr. Halo as Tommy calls him), paid for a vacation for the family after hearing about his close friend Dream's death.

Wilbur, being the only one that knows how much Dream's death affected George, invited him to join them.

George checked the time. It was 9 in the morning on October 11th, 2020. He didn't know why he expected the date to be anything other than that, but he had a weird urge to hope.

He opened the car door. He didn't need to go to the bathroom, but he could use some snacks. The stretching of his legs felt nice, and he was walking toward the mini mart when Wilbur put a hand on his shoulder.

"Hey," Wilbur said as George turned to face him, "are you doing alright?"

George didn't know how to answer. Wilbur knew he wasn't alright, he was just being polite. They

both kept the secret of the phone calls to themselves ever since the infamous morning of September the 9th.

"Do I not seem alright?" George responded, not meeting Wilbur's eyes.

Wilbur tucked his hair into his beanie, "I saw you in the rear view mirror. You seemed to be having a nightmare."

"I always have those now, it's okay." George answered honestly, his head pounding.

"I miss him too, George." Wilbur replied, sounding very truthful and direct, "If they're about him, I understand."

There was silence before he added, "I get nightmares of him too."

George felt sympathy for the man. He felt awful. He dare act more affected by Dream's death than his own son? It was unkind.

After another lack of response from George, Wilbur spoke again, "You're looking sick. You should get something to drink from the mini mart, maybe some food."

"I might get Ibuprofens," George sighed, "I have a bad migraine. These nightmares always give me the worst headaches when I wake up lately."

Wilbur nodded, walking back toward the car fill up station to put gas in the van. George meanwhile walked to the minimart to get himself some stuff.

He felt nauseous, and every step he took in the store felt like another push toward vomiting everything in his stomach out.

He grabbed small packets of pain relievers that each contained two pills, some crackers, and now was walking toward the gum and candies.

His mother always gave him gum on road trips so he wouldn't vomit when he got carsick.

He found pink strawberry flavored gum, and suddenly his heart sank. His eyes watered, leaving a glossy shine on his eyeballs. All he could think of was the gum Dream had sent him for the first time months before.

The memories of that day were so clear. When he laughed at Dream for sending him gum that expired in 1971. The Pow-Chew.

He missed him so much.

He put the gum back down. It might have been dramatic, but he couldn't handle seeing anything that reminded him of Dream.

Still so, all he could think about was talking to Dream on the phone, looking through the items that survived 50 years in a time capsule, and his heart broke.

He could still hear Dream's voice. The beautiful way it said his name. The way he had missed so dearly.

"George."

Clay was knelt beside him, looking at him worriedly.

George had unknowingly been collapsed on the floor, the scarring pain returning once again to his head.

He was muttering things. He did not even know what he was saying.

"Pow-Chew." He said randomly, and Clay gave him a confused look.

"Pow-Chew?" Clay asked, "The gum? I have tons of those. Do you want some? Or?"

George shrugged, his hands tearing at his own face trying to get himself together. He didn't know what was going on.

The visions would not stop. The uncontrollable trips into something he could not explain.

Everytime he was thrown into these odd visions, he felt like his body was not his. He felt like there was another entity that he was not supposed to be in. Like a puppet. Like he was inside another version of him he did not know.

"You said you got that headache too?" George asked Clay suddenly.

Clay was taken aback, "Oh you're mistaken. I meant you looked so affected by it that it felt like I felt it too."

George looked confused, squinting his eyes to fight back the pain inside his head.

"I was trying to make you feel better." Clay sighed, "You beat yourself up so bad because of them. It was dumb, I'm sorry."

George nodded, "It's- It's alright." He stayed on the floor like an idiot, but so did Clay.

"What is Pow-Chew?" George asked after a few seconds of silence.

"I told you, it's gum." Clay answered, "Why the sudden interest in gum?"

"I saw it in my head. I thought it could be a memory of mine coming back." George tried to explain, not wanting to come off as crazy, but Clay looked understanding.

Clay grinned, "That's good then, right?" He praised, "Your memory might be slowly returning."

"That's the thing." George met his eye, "It doesn't feel like a memory."

Clay laughed, almost as though he was taking George's words as a joke, "What would they be, then?"

"The feeling. It's so- it's unreal. It doesn't feel like it came from my head."

Clay now understood from George's tone that he must have been serious. He took a deep breath and tried to be as supportive as possible.

He put a hand on George's shoulder, "Explain it, then."

"You'd think I'm crazy."

"I've heard crazier." Clay reassured, and urged George to talk. They locked eyes, and George felt

uneasy. In a good way, if that was possible.

"Alright." George began, "I just feel like I've been sent into these memories, but I'm not in control of them. If it was my imagination, I could at least control what I do, right?" He spoke quickly.

"If it's a memory, then why would you be able to control it anyway?" Clay suggested.

"I told you, it's not a memory." George repeated, "It's just a weird feeling. It's like-" George started but stopped himself.

"Don't stop now." Clay urged, "You've already started talking. It can't get crazier."

George sighed, "It's like I exist somewhere else. Like those weird myths that you can leave your body and- I don't know what I'm saying, but that's just how I feel."

Clay nodded slowly, taking it in. "I-"

"-don't have to say anything. I just needed to let that out." George interrupted.

"Well if you don't want me to, I won't." Clay put his palms on the floor, pushing himself up. He held his hand out to George and helped him stand as well. "I don't think you're crazy, by the way."

"Thank you." George told the man, pinching the bridge of his nose to push back the last fading traces of pain.

"I'll be downstairs again to make dinner," Clay said finally, "do you want anything specific?"

George shook his head, "I'm not picky."

Clay nodded, "Drink more water, then. I have to work on some things upstairs."

They said goodbye to each other for the time being, and George heaved a heavy breath, watching the clock endlessly.

Chapter End Notes

it will make sense, i promise

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comment questions or theories, or leave kudos! it's very appreciated :)

seeds

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George sat playing with his mashed potatoes on the plate. Clay stared at him, wondering whether it was his cooking that made the boy so unwilling to eat. He swore he made the best mashed potatoes, even Nick said so.

George finally managed to scoop some food onto his fork and put it in his mouth, he immediately closed his eyes in satisfaction. Clay, seeing this, smiled to himself. *I still make the best mashed potatoes* he said in his head.

"What do you put in this? It's really good." George complimented, hastily stuffing more of the potatoes into his mouth without having finished chewing the last bite.

Clay, unlike George, finished chewing before answering, "Momma's secret recipe," he pointed at George with his fork, "nothing beats it."

George nodded, "Not going to disagree." The two ate in silence, the dining room only being filled with the sounds of forks clanking onto the plate. George wiped his face with a napkin, looking at his plate. It was so cleaned off of food that it looked like it had been washed.

Clay finished his food a couple minutes after him. He had been more of a slower eater, and wasn't that hungry. "I can wash that plate for you," Clay got up to grab the plate and he saw how empty it was, "although I'm unsure it needs washing."

George looked at him apologetically, but Clay smiled to insure that he meant no sting in that statement. He watched as Clay took the plate to the sink, and stayed sitting at the table alone with his thoughts. With the sound of the sink as background noise, he glanced at Clay, who was humming a song while washing the dishes. He smiled to himself, how was this man not in a relationship?

He immediately shook the thought, wondering why it came to him in the first place. He could have been in one, and it was inconsiderate of him to assume he wasn't. All of that aside, they never talked about anything personal anyway, so he'd have had no way of knowing. There cou-

"Need anything?" Clay had asked. George hadn't noticed that Clay was looking at him now, eyebrows raised.

George fixed his posture, "What?" He asked.

"Oh," Clay dried a plate with a towel before putting it on the dish rack, "you were staring."

A look of false cluelessness replaced George's expression, "Had I b-been?" He asked, "I tend to do that a lot. Apologies."

"Apologies." Clay mocked playfully in a horrible impression of George's accent, "You're so formal." He chuckled.

"Well *you're* always mocking my accent." George countered, and Clay furrowed his brow.

"Always?" Clay asked in confusion, "This is the first time I've done it."

The two stared at each other for a second before George spoke, "Must have you mixed up with someone else, then."

"I'm sure you have." Clay agreed.

Dream sniggered a little, which confused George as to what he found funny, "'Quite lasting effects.'" Dream mimicked in a horrible impression of a British accent, "I like that."

George held the phone in his hand, smiling to himself. He twisted the cord around his finger while he spoke, but felt it disappearing. He looked down, the cord's wiring was burning and suddenly what was left of it was cut.

He was alone in darkness and silence, holding the end of the phone that was detached from the body.

He spoke into it, "Dream?" He called worriedly, "Dream? Answer me ple-"

George awoke with a jolt, a pain searing the space between his eyebrows. He pulled out a packet of ibuprofens and took them with water, hoping the ache would ease.

"Speed bump," Wilbur announced, "sorry for that."

George rubbed his eyes with the edge of his palm. Tommy was leaning against him, asleep, while Dave was busy texting somebody on his phone. Dave was reading the phone for a while before smiling and rapidly typing back. Seeing Dave happy made him happy, but he was also severely jealous. He remembered when a phone used to make him smile like that.

He tried to shake the thought, not wanting to ruin the trip by being so down. This vacation was to unwind and enjoy living life, like Dream's last request had been.

A week prior, he had called Karl for advice on how to maintain the Calendula flower in his home if he was going to be away. Karl told him to speak no more and give him his address, and he'd take care of it himself.

He couldn't bear parting with the flower, but there was no way he could bring it with him.

"The flowers are you and me." Dream once said when he explained how things had to stay in their own place.

Nonetheless, he trusted Karl. Though he couldn't check in with him since Karl did not know how to text.

Niki turned to look at the three of them in the backseat, she smiled and rubbed Tommy's arm before looking at George, "We're almost here."

At that sentence, Tommy awoke, looking out the window. "Are we going to ride rides today?" He asked his mom, who shook her head sadly.

"We're only checking in to the hotel today, Tom." Niki explained, "But we will tomorrow."

"Can I use your phone to call Tubbo later? I want to tell him." He pleaded with puppy dog eyes.

"Sure, Tommy." Niki smiled in agreement, and Tommy celebrated by throwing his arms in the air.

Wilbur and Niki had both been easier on Tommy since Dream's death. Wilbur dreaded the afternoon where he had to sit Tommy down and tell him that grandpa wasn't coming home. It broke his heart more than anything since the two had just gotten close. Tommy ran to his room, refusing to talk to anyone but Tubbo. Wilbur immediately knew it was a mistake to promise Tommy that Dream would come back only to break it. He just made things worse.

They had dropped their car off in the valet in front of the hotel. George helped Wilbur carry all the luggage. Dave's phone had died, and he groaned as he trudged his way into the hotel.

George was talking with Tommy about their favourite Disney characters when suddenly George caught sight of the planters outside of the hotel next to the revolving door.

Calendulas. Over a dozen of them along with other flowers lined up beautifully across the planters like a bouquet dropped from the sky.

Tommy was speaking to him, but he had unknowingly tuned him out. His eyes started to become glossy with tears, trying to turn away but finding himself staring.

Dream really was everywhere. There was no escape from him.

It was the universe mocking him. Telling him that somewhere out there, in another life (as Dream had said), things had ended up working out.

He just had to be in the one where Dream was gone.

"I'm here!" Clay called from the living room, and George walked toward the sound. Clay looked at him, wondering why he had called.

His smile faded when he saw George rubbing at his temples again. "Another headache?" He got up and walked over to George worriedly.

George nodded, but the movement just burned the pain even more.

Seeds

He saw seeds.

His hands were covered in dirt as he groaned. This shouldn't be that hard to do.

He wiped the sweat from his brow.

A man was watching his struggle, and walked toward him.

The rest of the conversation was a blur, he couldn't understand anything.

His mouth was moving, but not of his own accord.

Then his hand.

His hand rose without his control, as if being pulled up by a string.

His hand shook the other man's hand.

"-name is Wilbur So-" The man's voice came out broken and cut off, and his face was covered in

some sort of black censor that prevented any visual insight on his appearance.

"Wilbur?" George had repeated out loud.

"What?" Clay had his hand on George's shoulder, holding him steady.

"Wilbur." He repeated unknowingly.

"Who's that?" Clay asked, "Is it someone you remember?"

George shook his head, "Yes." He replied, "N-no. I don't know." He was stuttering over his words, each sentence killing his brain more than the last.

Clay shrugged, "Well it's a nice name." He tried to make him feel better, but George still seemed to be crumbling. "I'm sorry."

"Not your fault." George reassured, slowly regaining his balance. "I've been such a pain."

Clay rolled his eyes, "Stop with that. No you haven't."

"I've stayed at your house for days, eating your food, using your clothes. Why do you do it? Why have you helped me so much?" George asked, and Clay thought for a moment.

"I told you," Clay began, "I'd have wanted someone to do it for me."

George nodded, the ache almost completely gone now. "Thank you."

Clay looked him in his eye, something unfamiliar washing over him. "O-of course."

He led George to the couch, where he showed him his plans for the design of Patches' house. It had eased them both a little bit. George made suggestions, Clay thought he had great ideas, asking him if he wanted to help work on it the next day.

George agreed, before bidding the man goodnight and falling asleep in the guest room peacefully

Chapter End Notes

what do you guys think?

(ps. sorry if i picked at some scars that i left from the last book) hehe<3

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End Notes

Thank you for reading this first chapter! Let me know if you caught any parallels to flowers from 1970. :) Also, please leave a kudos or comment if you can!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!